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THE
HAUNTED TOWER,

A
COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY MR. COBB.

DUBLIN:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Lord William,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Kelly
Baron of Oakland,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Baddely.
Hugo,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Moody.
Lewis	-	-	-	-	Mr. Suet.
De Courcy,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Whitfield.
Robert,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Dignum.
Martin,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Williams.
Charles,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Sedgwick.
Hubert,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Webb.
Servant,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lyons.
Edward,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.

Women.

Lady Elinor,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Crouch.
Cicely,	-	-	-	-	Miss Romanzini.
Maud,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Booth.
Adela,	-	-	-	-	Signora Storace.



THE HAUNTED TOWER.

ACT I.

SCENE—The Sea, Dover Cliffs and Castle—Thunder and Lightning.

Lewis, and several attendants of Lady Elinor, appear in a boat ; they land—then enter Fishermen and Peasants, male and female different sides, who sing the following

CHORUS.

TO Albion's Genius raise the strain,
Whose power has aw'd the angry main,
And gives us shelter on the coast
Of this blest isle, old ocean's boast.
See, retiring o'er the deep,
Distant lightnings harmless sweep ;
The storm condemn'd to lose its prey,
In hollow murmurs dies away. *(Exit Lewis.*

Fishermen and Peasants exit on each side—Lady Elinor and Cicely appear in a boat, and land—Lady Elinor plainly dressed.

Cice. Now, madam, give me leave to congratulate you on your safe arrival on the English coast.

Lady E. Ah, Cicely, if the storm that oppos'd our landing had fulfill'd its threats, it would have reliev'd me from a world of misery.

Cice. Are you then resolv'd to obey your father, and become the victim of his ambition, by marrying the young Baron of Oakland, whom you have never seen ?

Lady E. I am—at least I think I am.

Cice. O, madam ! how can you determine to forget Sir Palamede, he who loves so ?

Lady E. Poor Palamede—yet, why was he absent when I left my father's court ? why did he not bid me adieu ?

Enter Lewis and Maud.

Lew. Madam, most of your attendants are come ashore; but it's a great way to Oakland Castle, and it's very cold.

Lady E. Where are they?

Lew. Why, madam, at this good old lady's cottage, where there is a charming fire, and I would advise you, madam, to go there, and warm yourself, for I am sure you must be very cold. *(Exit Lady Elinor and Maud.)*

Cice. *(to Lewis, who offers to follow)* Where are you going, sot? Stay here and wait for the rest of Lady Elinor's attendants; and, do you hear, the next voyage you take, I would advise you to keep yourself sober.

(Exit.)

Lew. Why, that's very pretty indeed—so I am to stay here freezing by way of a direction post. I got tipsy, and lost my money in France, and began to come to myself when I was about half seas over; and now when I thought I should be comfortable by a good fire, I must remain freezing here, in all the horrors of sobriety. It is the fate of genius to make discoveries by which other people profit—Why, who have we here? sure it can't be! yes it is—what, my dear master, Sir Palamede!

Enter Lord William.

L. Wil. Is that Lewis?

Lew. Yes, sir, I was Lewis, till I was froze into an isicle—how did you come over from Normandy?

L. Wil. In the same ship with you, though concealed from the knowledge of Lady Elinor.

Lew. I guess the rest—Ah! you are a happy man—you are in love; I wish I was in love or in liquor, then I should have warmth enough in me to brave the weather.

L. Wil. I saw your lady land, whither is she gone?

Lew. Why, sir, to a cottage hard by, where is such a delightful fire-side;—oh! I wish I dar'd follow her.

L. Wil. Go thither instantly, and say, I intreat permission to fulfil my duty in attending her.

Lew. I'll be there immediately—but may I say I came by your orders?

L. Wil. Yes, begone!—*(Exit Lewis)*—To what a wayward fate am I subjected to love—without hope, and to pursue disappointment.

AIR—Lord William.

From Hope's fond dream, tho' Reason wake,
 In vain she points with warning hand;
 I dread advice I cannot take,
 Love's powerful spells, my steps command.

The bird, thus fascination binds,
 When darting from the serpent's eyes,
 The fatal charm too late he finds,
 He struggles, and admiring dies.

SCENE—*The inside of Maud's Cottage.*

Enter Lady Elinor, Cicely, and Lewis.

Lady E. How, Lewis, Sir Palamede in the same ship with us, and coming here immediately!

Lew. Yes, madam, if he is not froze by the way.

Lady E. (*aside to Cicely*) Oh, Cicely! assist me to conceal my joy.—What can Sir Palamede mean by surprising me thus?—agreeably—oh, heavens! he is here.

(*Exit Lewis.*)

Enter Lord William.

L. Wil. Pardon my intrusion, madam! an humble dependant on the Lord de Courcy, may well dread his presumption.

Lady E. Sir, the clandestine manner in which you quitted my father's court, renders it impossible for me to consider you as his friend.

L. Wil. Oh, forgive me!—long I ador'd you in secret, and should have fallen a silent sacrifice to my presumptuous love.

Lady E. Was it well done to take advantage of my father's friendship for you, and watch an opportunity to triumph over the weakness of his daughter?—nor that you ever will triumph over her weakness—but—why did you follow me?

Cice. Ah, sir, why did you follow my lady?

L. Wil. Destiny compell'd me hither, compell'd me to a land where my footsteps are forbidden—where my presence is a treason—where my life is proscrib'd!

Lady E. Good heaven! what have you to fear?

L. Wil. Nothing; for I have lost you.

Lady E. I must not trust myself to pity him—Yet how can I avoid it, at seeing him unhappy.

AIR—Lady Elinor.

Tho' pity I cannot deny,
 Ah! what will that avail you?
 Alas! I dare not hope supply,
 For hope too sure would fail you.
 Think when the flatterer shall deceive,
 In vain you will repent you;
 Yet should you hope without my leave,
 'Tis true I can't prevent you.

My hand directed to bestow,
 In England here I'm landed;
 And daughters always act, you know,
 Just as they are commanded.
 Then let not flattering hope deceive,
 Or else you will repent you;
 Yet should you hope without my leave,
 'Tis true I can't prevent you.

(*Exit Lady Elinor and Cicely.*)

Enter Maud and Martin.

Maud. Sir, I beg your honour's pardon for my boldness; but do you accompany the lady, because my grandson, Martin, here, will be your guide to the Baron of Oakland's castle.

L. Wil. Why, do you know the Baron of Oakland?

Maud. Aye, sir; I knew him before he was a great man.

Mar. Yes, sir, so did I, for all he holds his head so high now, and quite forgets when he was plain Edmund the ploughman.

L. Wil. What d'ye say?—why then who is this lord?

Maud. Ah, sir, it does not become poor folks to speak ill of people behind their backs, for that it might get to their ears again.

Mar. No, sir, as my grandmother says, it don't become poor folks to say——

L. Wil. Psha ! it becomes every one to speak the truth—
—torment my curiosity no longer.

Maud. Why, then, sir, you must know that about ten years ago, the Old Baron, Lord William, was accused of being in a plot, and conspiring against the life of our good King William the Conqueror, and was banished.

L. Wil. I remember it.

Maud. He took with him his only son, a fine youth, about twelve years of age ; but, alas, sir ! he has not been heard of since.

L. Wil. I am all impatience !

Maud. Now, sir, about a year ago Lord William's wicked accuser died, and declared the good baron innocent.

L. Wil. Alas !

Maud. The king, willing to make reparation for the wrongs he had done him, endeavoured to find him, but all in vain ; therefore all his lands and estates have been in possession of a distant relation of the family—then, sir, there is a young baron, the present heir to—

Enter Cicely. *near a*

Cice. Aye, and a pretty fellow he is too—you may go in, good woman, we have no further occasion for you, I believe.

Maud. Good woman—Marry, come up, I say, have I lived all these years to be called good woman by a lady's waiting maid ! come along, Martin—a good woman, indeed !

Mar. Good woman, indeed !

Cice. I have heard the whole story, Palamede.

L. Wil. Oh, Cicely !

Cice. Oh, Cicely !—ah, you may spare your long speeches, poor Palamede !—you are in a sad dilemma, truly, and haven't wit enough to extricate yourself, but want me to help you—I pity you to be sure, but I can't help laughing at you.

L. Wil. I have now still stranger motives for wishing to accompany Lady Elinor to the Castle, motives you cannot guess at.

Cice. Well, well, so you shall, leave the management

of the affair to me, and don't you appear till we are setting off.

L. Wil. I want words to thank you.

Cice. I am very glad of it, for words would take up too much of our time at present, but away, and wait till I send for you. [*Exit Lord William*]—well, would we were at our journey to Oakland Castle, I wish to see this baron's son—Dear curiosity, how I long to gratify you!

AIR—Cicely.

Nature to woman still so kind,
Among her best boons bestowing;
What every female sure must find,
A wond'rous desire to be knowing.
Man, the proud and envious elf,
So jealous of our discerning;
Decies in us, what he prides in himself,
The wish for whatever's worth learning. [*Exit.*]

SCENE—A Rural Prospect—A Cottage.

Enter Robert ^{and} ~~and~~ Huntsmen,—in the course of the song, several Huntsmen enter.

AIR—Robert, and Chorus.

Hark! the sweet horn proclaims afar,
Against the stag the mimic war;
While future heroes' hearts rebound,
And pant to hear the trumpet sound.
The warlike genius of our isle,
Who on the hunter deigns to smile;
In echoes gives the chase applause,
Which string the nerve for glory's cause:
Where'er the devious chace may bend,
Still freedom shall our steps attend!
And bid us, as her pleasures rise,
Defend the blessings which we prize.
[*Exit Huntsmen.*]

Edward. [*without*] How are ye, my lads?—how are ye?

Rob. O, here comes our young master, Lord Edward!

Enter Edward.

Rob. Does your lordship hunt to-day?

Edw. [*Sees Adela at the cottage window, and makes signs to her*] No, Robert, not this morning.

Rob. What, sir, do you give up the chase when the game's in view? [*points to Adela's window.*]

Edw. Hush, that's my dear Adela, whom I told you of, she arrived here yesterday evening, unknown to any body—if you betray the secret——

Rob. I, sir! no, no, I am your father's butler, the post of all others which I love, and while I have the management of the wine cellar, it is quite indifferent to me how the world wags—so I shall follow the huntsmen.

Edw. But hark ye, Robert, not a word about the Haunted Tower, or you will frighten her out of her wits.

Rob. No, no, sir. [*Exit.*]

Edw. Here comes father, strutting along; ecod, he did not strut so when he followed the plough.

Enter Baron, and three Servants.

Bar. Hey-day, how dare you appear abroad without your servants with you, why are you walking alone?

Edw. Why, father, if one must always move in a crowd, one might as well be bell-wether to a flock of sheep.

Bar. Sirrah, sirrah! don't put me in a passion—you have been civil to those rascals, I know you have; why don't you frown at 'em as I do? how often have I told you there's nothing supports dignity like ill-humour;—but you have no ambition.

Edw. Not much indeed.

Bar. Why hav'n't you more pride, hey? if you are not proud, you dog, I'll break your bones.

Edw. Why, I can't help nature, father.

Bar. Nature! why, look at me, do you see any thing like nature about me? No, no, yet I myself am as vulgarly and naturally pleased as any body, but I'll not show it; I'll defy the best friend I have to say I have given him a civil word since I have been Baron of Oakland—a'n't I the terror of the neighbourhood?

Edw. Yes, that you are: especially since you impri-

soned the poor fellow for catching a hare—and it is proved since that he is innocent.

Bar. Innocent ! I am very sorry for it—that is—I should be sorry if I was not a Baron—give him this money, [*gives Edward money*] but don't let him know it comes from me ; but tell him I have the power to hang him ; for I will have no man dare to think I am in the wrong ; justice holds her seat in my breast, and is to all parties equal and indifferent.

Edw. Very indifferent indeed.

Bar. What's that you say ? if I desir'd you to behave ill to other people, I didn't mean you should to me—do you know who I am ? that I am the Baron of Oakland, and that all dignity flows from me.

Edw. Yes, it flows from you pretty fast, I think none seems to stay with you.

Bar. Don't you grumble, sirrah ; but do you hear, prepare to receive the Lord De Courcy's daughter, whom I intend for your wife—I expect her arrival every day.

Edw. But perhaps I may not like her, father.

Bar. That may be—but you shall marry her for all that, I insist on it : aye, and love her too—no, I don't know that I may insist upon that.

Ser. Ha, ha, ha !

Bar. Why, you impudent scoundrels, how dare you laugh so ? I'll have no persons to attend upon me that hav'n't a proper respect for my dignity—follow me, you rascals.

[*Exit with Servants.*]

Edw. I hope I shall be too sharp for you though, father ; for I am determined to marry nobody but Adela : [*Knocks at the cottage door, and retires, after calling.* Adela ! Adela !]

Enter Adela from the cottage—looks surprised at seeing Edward.

AIR—Adela.

Whither, my love ! ah ! whither art thou gone !
Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.
Say—by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known ?
Ah ! no, no, I judge it by my own.

The heart he gave with so much care,
Which treasur'd in my breast I wear;
Still for its master beats alone,
I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

Edward appears after the song.

Adela. Oh, my dear Edward! I am glad you are here, I have got a thousand questions to ask you—is the Lady Elinor de Courcy arrived yet?

Edw. She is not; so all you have got to do, is to dress yourself in the clothes I gave you, and to pass upon father for her.

Adela. Egad, and so I will—I always longed to be a fine lady, but how shall I manage to behave like one?

Edw. Faith, I can't tell you—however, it don't signify, any thing will pass upon father.

Adela. But are you sure now, Edward, he has not much dignity? if he has, I shall only be confounded and look foolish—but is he much like a great gentleman?

Edw. Ha, ha, ha! heaven bless you, father is no more like a gentleman than I am.

Adela. I am glad of it, for the presence of our great quality folks always takes my breath away, and though I cough and hem for an hour, the deuce a word can I get out.

Edw. 'Tis just the same with me,—tho' I'm a Baron's son, for my part, I never feel myself so much like a great man, as when I am with the servants—I hate talking to my betters.

Adela. I am pleased to hear you say so; I was afraid you would have forgot poor Adela for the rich Lady de Courcy.

Edw. What, marry a lady of quality!—Oh! I shall be a lost man; I should never be able to make free with her—should she use me ever so ill, I could never venture to scold her.

Adela. But when you marry me——

Edw. Oh! I love you so much, that I could scold you with the greatest satisfaction.

Adela. But won't marriage——

Edw. Never fear, Adela; love has hitherto been our

constant attendant—I'll warrant you he'll follow us to church.

Adela. Aye, but they say he has a sad knack of eaving married couples at the church door.

Edw. Pshaw! love and marriage are better friends than you think for.

Adela. Yes, perhaps they are best friends at a distance.

Edw. No, no, like true friends, love and marriage must meet together, to perfect the happiness of both—Oh! *Adela*, when I come to the title and estate, and you are my lady—

Adela. Oh, we shall be as happy as the day is long.

Edw. Aye, and the night into the bargain.

Adela. Then such dancing—

Edw. And such tilting and cudgel playing—

Adela. And such fine talking and singing—

Edw. And then such eating and drinking—

Adela. And such fine company, and then—

DUET—*Adela.*

Will great lords and ladies,
Drest up on gay days,
Come to visit you and I?

Edward.

All smiling, bowing,
Great friendship vowing,
While we hold our heads so high.

Adela.

But should the fine gentry smoke us,
Lud! how they'll joke us;
How they'll laugh at silly me.

Edward.

Pshaw! we shall be ever
Reckon'd vastly clever,
While our pockets' full, d'ye see.

Adela.

Then every day—

Edward.

New joy shall bring,

Adela.

And ever gay,

Edward.

We'll dance and sing,

Both.

Fal lall de rall,

How merry shall we be.

Adela.

Of great fortune vaunting,

Low people taunting,

Dignity we must support.

Edward.

'Mong high barons bouncing,

Fine ladies flouncing,

We may chance to go to court.

Adela.

Well, fegs, I care not,

Court tho' we share not,

If at home we happy be.

Edward.

Soon I may be bold,

To hope that I shall scold

'A little baron on my knee.

Adela.

Then every day

Edward.

New joy shall bring,

Adela.

And ever gay,

Edward.

We'll dance and sing,

Both.

Fal lall de rall,

How merry shall we be.

[Exit Edward and Adela.]

B

SCENE—*A Field.**Enter De Courcy and Attendants.*

De Cour. Here let us remain, till I gain some intelligence of the object of our search—I am sure my sister and her attendants must have been on board that very ship, which we saw at a distance in the late storm.

Enter Charles.

De Cour. Well, Charles, what news of my sister?

Char. My lord, I learn that the Lady De Courcy is on her road to the Baron of Oakland's Castle, which is at no great distance.

De Cour. And Sir Palamede—

Char. My lord, I am sorry to say he is with her.

De Cour. Infamy and dishonour! but I will pursue her, and avenge the wrongs of my family.—Go forward, Charles, and procure every intelligence you can gain.—I shall wait for you within a mile of the Baron's Castle.

[Exit De Courcy and Attendants.]

Char. I will, because it is my duty—but would I were in Normandy again, nothing should induce me to quit it, except my regard for so good a master.

AIR—Charles.

My native land I bade adieu,
And calmly friendship's joys resign'd;
But ah! how keen my sorrows grew,
When my love I left behind.

Yet should her truth feel no decay,
Should absence prove my charmer kind,
Then shall I not lament the day,
When my love I left behind.

*[Exit.]*SCENE—*The inside of Maud's Cottage.**Enter Lord William, Lady Elinor, and Cicely.*

Lady E. Well, Palamede, I will frankly own to you, that the account I hear of the Baron of Oakland's son, is far from pleasing me; and though I dare not disobey my father, yet I will do every thing in my power to delay his marriage.

Cice. In short, sir, my lady agrees to my scheme of visiting the castle as Lady Elinor's attendant, till she hears further from the Baron, her father.

L. Wil. Transporting tidings!

TRIO—Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor.

Against the shaft of cruel fate,
Why cannot virtue prove a charm,
And of her blind misguided hate,
Capricious destiny disarm?

Yet who engag'd in virtue's cause,
To tread her paths would fear confess,
And on the road reluctant pause,
Because it leads not to success. [Exit.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE—An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Hugo and Robert.

Hugo. Well, Robert!

Rob. Make yourself perfectly easy, friend Hugo, every thing shall be in perfect order to receive Lady Elinor.

Hugo. Aye, I hope so, for the honour of the family. It is near three score years since I was first a servant in Oakland Castle, and have seen three possessions of it—I have come down from father to son, with the rest of the old furniture.

Rob. And a fine tough piece of English oak you are.

Hugo. I remember the death of Edmund Ironside, and the restoration of Canute—I remember the Harolds, and Hardy Canute, and the good King Edward the Confessor—and I remember the good Baron, who now haunts the old tower.

Rob. Hush! no more of that.

Hugo. Ah, Robert, if you were old enough to remember what I can.

Rob. I am just as well pleased as it is.

Hugo. We shall have music and dancing enough at the wedding, I hope, Robert—for the honour of Lord Edward.

Rob. Yes, yes, when a man is desperate to attack matrimony, the more noise and bustle the better; like trumpets in a battle, it drowns reflection, and prevents cowardice.

Hugo. Are all the pikes and javelins burnished up, and the armoury put in order, and the large stag's horns in the hall dusted?

Rob. Horns are most ominous wedding decorations—No, no, friend Hugo, I have ordered the horns to be taken down.

Hugo. Bless my soul! why, I remember 'em in the family these fifty years.

Rob. For which reason the young lady ought not to see them.

Hugo. Then is the lady Elinor very beautiful, Robert?

Rob. Why do you ask, Hugo, do you admire beauty yet?

Hugo. Oh, yes, Robert! I never could yet behold a beautiful woman without admiration; the setting sun may surely cheer my sight, though it cannot warm my heart. *[Exit.]*

Rob. I hope Adela has got her fine cloaths on, to pass for Lady Elinor—O! here she comes!

Enter Adela, elegantly dressed, from a door in the back scene.

Adela. Well, here I am at last ready dress'd, to pass for a fine lady; but how long shall I remain so?

Rob. Why, you are now in the high road to success.

Adela. Aye, but there are so many turnings and windings, that one is never sure of being right.

Rob. What! madam, with such a guide as Merit.

Adela. Yes, Merit is often apt to lead one astray—Oh dear! I do think the Baron is coming—hey, O no! he isn't—Oh! I wish the meeting was over.

Rob. You have no idea how much you look like a woman of quality!

Adela. Indeed!

Rob. Nature certainly intended you for a fine lady.

Adela. Then indeed she was very much mistaken!—

for I never in all my life cou'd tell a lie without blushing, so I am sure I shall never do for a fine lady.

Rob. But I hope you have your lesson by heart.

Adela. O, aye, let me see, I am come over from Normandy, from my friends, and arriv'd here to-day, didn't I, sir?

Rob. You did, ma'am.

Adela. And anxious to pay my respects to the Baron of Oakland, left my servants on the road.

Rob. Yes, ma'am.

Adela. O! but there's one material circumstance I have forgot, I don't know who my father is.

Rob. That may happen in the best regulated families; however I'll tell you—your father is the Baron De Courcy of Normandy, a great favorite of our good King William, and you will remember, that the King wrote to your father, recommending this marriage.

Adela. Well, I'll endeavour to recollect if I can, but you know it is not very strange I shou'd forget what never happened.

Rob. Well, madam, I will go and acquaint my lady of your arrival—and pray be careful in what you say.

Adela. You may depend on it, sir, I'll not speak truth if I can possibly help it. [*Exit Robert*] These gay trappings hang very much in my way, I shall make a sad fine lady I fear: I wish I cou'd fancy myself in my every day cloaths again, when I think where I am and on what occasion, I wonder at my own confidence! Nothing but love cou'd have inspired it, and to gain my dear Edward, I wou'd attempt a thousand times as much!

AIR—ADELA.

Be mine, tender passion, soother of care,
Life's choicest blessing, shield from despair;
Do not deceive me, ah! never leave me,
Still may my bosom thy power declare.
In vain thy influence fools may revile,
Constancy ever gains thy smile.
And of their destiny can those complain;
Whose falsehood dares thy laws profane?
Resolv'd I brave all danger, to every fear a stranger;

Thy sweet rewards, oh, Love, to gain !
 Then let me combat not in vain ;
 But in my triumph share,
 Thy smiles, for which I bravely dare.

O ! here he comes, ah ! tis all over—I shall never be able to get thro'.

Enter Baron and Robert.

Bar. Ah ! there she is sure enough—she seems very pretty, what a fine eye she has. [*Aside to Robert.*]

Adela. My courage fails me—'twill never do, I find ? [*Aside.*]

Bar. Her coming so suddenly is so cursed unlucky, I don't know what to say to her, I have not got my speech in my pocket ; she turns her back upon me, I believe she is very proud—[*Aside to Robert.*]

Adela. Aye, now he is laughing at my awkwardness—I wish he'd speak first. [*Aside.*]

Bar. Well, come if I must speak, here goes—My lady, the joy !—I say my lady the joy !—that is joy my lady creates happiness—and is—is—joy my lady—which joy I say my lady is—I hope your Ladyship is pretty well.

Adela. Yes, pure well, I humbly thank your lordship—O lord ! I am glad it's over, the first word is a great matter, [*Aside.*]

Bar. She's wonderful, condescending, Robert, considering her high blood, [*Aside to Robert*—Well my lady, as you have been in such a hurry as to leave your servants on the road, and only to come here on a hop (as a body may say) I hope your ladyship will have the goodness to excuse all faults.

Adela. O yes, my lord, I'll excuse all your faults with a good deal of pleasure.

Bar. All my faults, aye, she has found me out already, [*Aside.*]-Why to be sure my lady, we all have faults, but if one is of a good family, you know my lady, it doesn't so much signify.

Adela. O ! to be sure not, for though some people are a little awkward and bashful before company, yet I don't think they are a bit the worse for that.

Bar. No, no—that's hit at me—[*Aside.*]

Adela. For you know, my lord, if one is not used to strange company, one's very apt to look like a fool—

Bar. Ye—e—s, so one is my lady—yes she means me.
[*Aside.*] But come my lady, let's talk of something else !
How does the lord, your father ? I respect a man of his great family.

Adela. Ay, my lord, a great family indeed !

Bar. Oh, she's proud enough of her high blood tho'.
[*Aside.*] well my lady ! no offence, but I fancy I may venture to say, my family is equal to his !

Adela. Why, I thought Edward told me, he was his only child. [*Aside.*] Indeed my lord !

Bar. Aye, indeed my lady ;—now my blood is up, I can talk to her. [*Aside.*] And give me leave to assure your ladyship, whatever notions you have form'd of a great family, you'll not be disappointed.

Adela. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Bar. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*mimicsher aside.*] What the devil does she mean ?

Adela. I declare your lordship makes me laugh, ha ! ha ! ha !

Bar. Yes I see I do, but I think your ladyship need not be so polite as to tell meso.

Adela. Nay, now your lordship looks angry.

Bar. Haven't I reason ! what did your ladyship mean by affronting me, in telling me of your fathers great family !

Adela. Why so he has, there are eleven of us, boys and girls.

Bar. [*Surprised.*] Hey, what ?

Adela. [*Aside.*] O what have I said !

Bar. [*Aside.*] O ! I suppose this is some quality joke, and that's the reason I don't understand it.

Enter Edward.

Bar. Come here sirrah, there's the Lady Elinor de Courcy ! go and talk to her, bid her welcome ; and do you fear, don't be bashful, and dishonour your family ; but attack her with your whole stock of impudence.

Edw. I bashful ! no I thank you, we people of fashion know what's what. [*Dancing up to Adela.*] Tol, de roll,

'am prodigiously happy to see your ladyship ;—hope you left all friends in Normandy well, all right and tight, had good weather, and a good ship, no sea-sickness ; even we people of fashion are subject to it sometimes, as well as other people—an't we, father—hey !

Bar. Why, the boy's assurance astonishes me—oh ! he has touch'd her hand, and caught it of her.

[*Adela whispers to Edmund.*

Edw. [*Aside to Adela*] Never mind, I'll bring you off with the old fellow—ha, ha, ha ! a monstrous good joke, indeed—very well, faith, very well, ha, ha, ha !

Adela. Ha, ha, ha !

Bar. [*Looks surprized and then laughs heartily.*] Ha ! ha ! ha !

Edw. My dear father ; Lady Elinor tells me she has joked a little with you, as we people of fashion do without meaning any thing—ha ! ha ! ha !

Bar. Aye we people of fashion do, ha ! ha ! ha ! I beg your ladyship wouldn't think of it.

Edw. Zounds, father don't be bashful—[*To Adela.*] why don't you bounce a little as I do.

Bar. Well my lady, I am now going to my great hall, where I'll receive you in form and I believe I shall trouble your ladyship with a bit of a speech on the occasion—come, my lady—no, no, you must not go before me—I am a baron you know, consider my dignity ! [*Exit.*

Edw. I say. Robert, I think we shall be too cunning for old dignity, though. [*Exit.*

SCENE—A view near the Castle.

Enter Lord William and Lady Elinor.

L. Wil. We are at length arrived at Oakland Castle, continue your disguise madam but a little longer.

L. Eli. And do you, Palamede, recommend disguise, you who pretend to be a lover ?

AIR—Lady ELINOR.

Hush, hush ; such counsels do not give,

A lover's name profaning ;

And can her heart deceit advise,

Where mighty love is reigning ?

Dissimulation's path you've trod,
 Too oft to go astray ;
 And whilst to me you point the road,
 Your footsteps mark the way.

Enter Cicely.

Cice. Oh ! madam, here comes the old Baron, but pray think of something melancholy, or you will certainly laugh ; nature and art have made him such a strange animal, that he seems only fit to be laughed at—but here he is !

L. Wil. And this is the representation of our family degrading thought ! but *I* must dissemble. [*Aside.*]

Enter Baron.

Bar. [*To Cicely*] So you are an attendant on Lady de Courcy, hey ! but who's that ? [*pointing to Lady Elinor.*]

Cice. Oh ! that's my lady's own waiting woman, and a very great favourite of my lady's, sir, *I* assure you.

Bar. She must be a great favourite of every body's, for she's a monstrous pretty girl : and pray who is that gentleman, is he a favourite of your ladyship's ?

[*Pointing to Lord William.*]

Cice. O no ! that is—that is Sir Palamede, the Baron's jester.

L. Wil. A curious character she has assigned me, but *I* must carry it on. [*Aside.*]

Bar. Why, jesting is a very pleasant employment to be sure, though not a very profitable one, *I* should think. Hark ye, friend, don't you sometimes get a bone crack'd ?

L. Wil. You are mistaken, my lord, we jesters are privileged people ; we anatomize vice and folly.

Bar. Ay, that is, you cut up people by way of amusement.

L. Wil. Improvement, my lord—saire well applied is the medicine of the mind.

Bar. That may be, but *I* don't take physic, so you may spare your trouble ; and so the baron pays you for jesting, hey ! that's one way of enjoying a jest at his own expence ; but *I* should think now, so good-natur'd as the world is, that he might contrive to get laugh'd at gratis.

L. Wil. Your lordship finds it so, *I* have no doubt, now as a specimen.

AIR—Lord William

Tho' time has from your lordship's face,
 Made free to steal each youthful grace,
 Yet why should you despair?
 Old busts oft please the connoisseurs,
 So folks of taste, perhaps like your's,
 And that removes your care.

'Tis true that silly girls believe,
 In joys that youth alone can give,
 But why should you despair?
 'Tis folly governs youth you know,
 And so far young you soon may grow,
 And that removes your care.

Whate'er your faults in person, mind,
 (However gross) you chauce to find,
 Yet why should you despair?
 Of flattery you must buy advice,
 You're rich enough to pay the price,
 So that removes your care.

Bar. Ah! that's another hit at me, but I dare not resent it. [*Aside*] Well, but if you are attendants on the Lady Elinor de Courcy, where have you been all this while?

Cicc. Oh, sir, we have left my lady behind on the road.

Bar. Your lady has left you behind, you mean—why, she's here in the castle.

L. Wil. Indeed?

Bar. Yes, indeed, Mr. Jest-hunter, and I am going to give her ladyship audience in my great hall—and if we want any body to laugh at, we'll send for you—there I hit him, I think. [*Exit.*]

Lady E. What can he mean—give me your advice, Palamede?

Cicc. Ah, madam, you forgot that Sir Palamede is a lover, and consequently advice is a commodity he doesn't deal in; but if you will take my opinion, ma'am—

L. Wil. Well?

Cicc. It is plain some impostor has assumed your ladyship's name, for what purpose we must endeavour to find

out; therefore suppose we continue our disguise, wait on the mock Lady Elinor, overturn her with respect and confound her with courtesy.

L. Wil. Admirable!

Enter Lewis, with letters, which he delivers to Lord WILLIAM.

Lew. Sir, the messenger is returned, and brought these letters—Aye, madam, your shadow is here before you, I find—

Lady E. Hush! not a word, I charge you; from whom are those letters? *[Aside to Lewis.]*

Lew. That's what I want to know, I wish you would ask Sir Palamede the question?

L. Wil. Lady Elinor, every moment furnishes additional reasons for requesting you will be guided by Cicely's advice. *[Exit with Lady Elinor.]*

Lew. Ah! Cicely, there they go, a pair of as true turtles as ever bill'd—Oh! what a fine thing mutual love is, if you would but let us follow their example, and fall in love with me in a strange place now!—

Cice. Oh! you may spare your rhetoric—I promise you, I prize my liberty too much to be talk'd out of it.

AIR—Cicely.

What blest hours, untainted by sorrow,
Does the maiden prove,
Who knows not love?
So merrily she sings thro' the day;
"Dull sorrow shall threaten in vain,
"The delight of heart to restrain,
While from Cupid free,
Blest in Liberty,
"Not a sigh she blends with the strain."

As she gaily carols along,
Let me join sweet Freedom's song—
O! may my heart
Ever bear a part
In the envied jocund lay,
While merry the happy maid,
So blithly sings thro' the day.

[Exit.]

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Castle.**Enter Edward.*

Edw. Where the deuce is Adela ? if we can but get married before she is discovered—but why is she absent ? she for whose sake Oakland Castle resounds with jollity, till the old walls crack to their foundations.

AIR—*Edward.*

Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration,
Each maiden on th' occasion,
Feels her heart in palpitation ;
Now a blush and now a sigh,
Trembling too, she knows not why,
While every lad with expectation,
Finds his heart beats high.

Enter Adela, hastily.

Adela. Ah ! it's all over, there's an end of our scheme.

Edw. How !

Adela. I knew how it would happen.

Edw. Did you ? I wish then you had told me so before.

Adela. Well, it's all a scheme of your own.

Edw. Mine ! why, you know it was your scheme.

Adela. Why, didn't you first propose it ?

Edw. Yes, because I was sure you first thought of it.

Adela. Why did I ever leave my spinning wheel for fine cloaths ? why did I quit my father's cottage ?

Edw. Because I got you a better situation, to be sure—you won't deny that I sent you to a relation's house in Sussex, six months ago, where you liv'd like a lady, and had nothing to learn, but to read all the day long.

Adela. So much the worse, improving the mind, as they call it, only serves to make one lazy ; in my father's cottage, industry took up all our time, wealth never came near our door.

Edw. If he had, you would have been glad to have ask'd him in.

Adela. No, sir ! there innocence and happiness were our guests.

Edw. 'Twas lucky they didn't take up much room, or the house wou'dn't have been big enough to hold 'em—fancy all the spare corners were occupied by birds and beasts.

Adela. Well, I own we did all sleep under one roof; the family, the pigs, and the poultry, all in harmony, peace, and friendship.

Edw. Except now and then, when you ate some of your company for dinner.

Adela. [Sobbing] Oh! oh!

Edw. Why, look ye there, now, that's always your way, if one says any thing to you—you fall a crying!

Adela. You want to break my heart!—I see that.

Edw. No, I don't.

Adela. Yes, you do.

Enter Robert.

Rob. Why, what signifies quarrelling now, my lord?

Edw. Why, I don't know, Robert, she will quarrel, I think.

Adela. No, it is you.

Rob. Come, be friends, I say, we're all in a pretty hobble, to be sure.

Adela. Yes, and I believe you brought us into it.

Edw. 'Tis my opinion he did.

Rob. Me!

Adela. Yes, I am sure Edward wou'dn't have thought of such a thing, if you hadn't put it into his head.

Edw. No, that I shou'dn't.

Rob. You are both very entertaining, and so I shall leave you to yourselves.

Edw. Nay, but Robert, don't desert us.

Rob. Faith I shall make my peace with your father, by falling on my knees, and asking pardon immediately.

Adela. Hadn't we better do the same, Edward? for consider we are all in the same boat, and if we pull different ways, we shall certainly go to the bottom.

Edw. That is very true—so, Robert, you shall be our pilot.

Rob. Well, then, we must e'en meet the old baron in

the hall of audience at any rate ;—how wonderfully does common interest beget friendship ! [Exit.]

Edw. Adela !

Adela. Well——

Edw. You forget we have been quarrelling, kiss and be friends you know.

AIR—Edward

While swords and shields are clashing,
Archers aiming, cudgels thrashing,
The ale to none denying,
Flaggons far and wide supplying,
With tilters fencing, wrestlers boasting,
Bonfires blazing, oxen roasting,
And all the vassals flock around,
What pleasures now abound ;
Now all in preparation,
For the nuptial celebration.

SCENE—*An Antique Hall, a state chair, and several people discovered, Tenants, Servants, &c.*

Enter Lord William, Lady Elinor, Cicely, Lewis, Martin, and Charles.

Cice. Well, Charles, how did you come over from Normandy ?

Char. Why, Cupid lent me his wings, and I hovered over your ship—Come, come, Cicely, you know as well as I, there were more lovers aboard, than the captain knew of.

Cice. I believe I had better ask no more questions.

L. Wil. Lewis, come hither, you are sure that not a whisper has escaped you, likely to discover Lady Elinor ?

Lew. Lord, sir ! I have done nothing but eat and drink since I have been here, so that I have no time for talking.

L. Wil. And your honest guide here——

[pointing to Martin.]

Lew. Oh, no, sir, he has been so taken up between hunger and wonder, that he has not thought of secrets.

Lady E. You are certain the servants know what to do, Cicely ?

Cice. O, yes, madam, I have given them all their lessons, and you'll see them receive the mock Lady Elinor as you could wish—but see, she comes——

Enter Adela, Edward, and Robert.

Cice. Now, madam, to complete their astonishment!—

SESTETTO—Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor.

By mutual love delighted,
Here fortune's fav'rites see,
In Hymen's bonds united,
How happy must they be.

Adela.

Whom can they mean?—not me.

Edward.

Nor me.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for me.

Charles.

What grace!—what an air!

Lord William.

A face so fair——

Cicely and Charles.

Born to command the happy pair.

Lord William, Cicely, and Lady Elinor.

By mutual love delighted,
Here fortune's fav'rites see,
In Hymen's bonds united,
How happy must they be,

Edward.

Egad, the joke we'll humour.

Adela.

With all my heart, say I.

Edward.

Who for success can do more,
Than every chance to try.

Charles.

Her courage falters—mark her her eyes,
See from her cheek the colour flies.

Cicely.

Poor girl—I pity her distress,
Yet mischief says we can't do less.

Robert to Adela.

— You tremble—courage—come, go on.

Adela.

Ah, me! my boasted spirit's gone;
Alas! why didst thou, hapless maid,
By silly vanity betray'd,
Expose thy peace of mind to gain
A prize thou never canst obtain?

Enter Baron, struts to the chair, sits down with great ceremony, then rises, and speaks, his hat in his hand, with the speech in it, which he occasionally looks at.

Bar. Hem! my lady Elinor de Courcy—now some men in my situation would make you set a speech on the occasion; but I shall give your ladyship a touch off hand; as to your great family, my lady, all the world knows that—and as to your beauty—why, that speaks for itself, as a body may say;—but I say, when I consider, my lady,—I say—when I consider how vain it would be to number your numberless qualifications, and when I think of your goodness, in—conferring this visit—I want words—*[Edward takes the speech slowly out of his father's hat]*—I say, my lady Elinor, I want words to—*[misses his speech]*—Hey! Egad! I do want words!—I say, madam—my ladyship, I—I—I want words—

Edw. If my father had not wanted words, madam, he would have attempted to express his inexpressible satisfaction—but 'tis just as well as it is—the less that's said, the more there is to guess at.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord, a gentleman wishes to speak with you immediately.

Bar. I come to him—*[Exit Servant]*—I declare, my lady, I am quite ashamed, that—

Adela. O, pray, my lord, make no apologies!—you know you want words, and it is quite time to have done, when one hasn't any more to say.

Bar. Aye, my-lady, but I had a great deal more to say
—if I hadn't lost my speech—— [*Aside and exit.*]

Adela. [*To Edward*] I can't make out the meaning
of all this, I don't understand the jest!

Edw. Nor I, upon my soul—but I'll try to find it out,
for my part, I think we are in a dream.

Adela. I am sure it is a very pleasant one, I hav'n't
the least desire to be wak'd from it.

[*They sing part of the last air again, and exeunt Lord
William, Lady Elinor, Cicely, Lewis, Charles, Ed-
ward, Adela, and Robert.*]

Lord William, Cicely, Lady Elinor, Charles, and
Robert.

Alas ! behold the silly maid,
By pride, by vanity betray'd ;
Expose her peace of mind to gain
A prize she never can obtain.

SCENE—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Baron and De Courcy.

Bar. This way, my lord, this way—I am glad to see
your lordship.

De Cour. Hush, my lord! remember that I am here
in disguise ; I must depend on your friendship to conceal
me from my sister's attendants, till I am reveng'd on Sir
Palamede.

Bar. And so this Sir Palamede——

De Cour. He has long privately lov'd my sister, but
the mean advantage he has now taken of our confidence
in him——

Bar. O ! hang him ! an abusive sneering knave, to pass
on me for your lordship's jester—I wish I had known
this.

De Cour. But we must be cautious—[*laughing within*]
Hark ! what noise is that ?

Bar. Only my vassals carousing, in consequence of
this marriage of your sister's in our family.

De Cour. The sounds of festivity but ill accord with
my feelings ; a more retir'd apartment might suit our pur-
pose better.

Bar. Certainly, my lord, private concerns must give way to public justice.

SCENE—*The Kitchen, Tenants and Servants discovered at different tables—at the upper end an Ox roasting, Cooks, &c. basting it.*

Robert comes forward, and sings.

AIR—*Robert.*

Now, mighty roast beef is the Englishman's food,
It ennobles our veins, and enriches our blood,
Our soldiers are brave, and our barons are good,
Oh! the roast beef of Old England, and Old English
roast beef.

Our barons, my boys, are robust, stout and strong,
And keep open house with good cheer all day long,
Which makes their plump tenants rejoice in this song,
Oh! the roast beef, &c.

Enter Lord William, Lady Elinor, and Cicely.

Rob. Come, my lads and lasses, at this feast every one must contribute to the common stock of merriment, that is the only reckoning we have to pay.

FINALE.

Lady Elinor and Cicely.

Love's sweet voice to Hymen speaking,
Breathing thro' the dulcet flute;
List'ning joy the accents seeking,
Bids complaining care be mute.

CHORUS.

High above dull sorrow's level,
Now the tide of joy display;
Love and Hymen bid us revel,
Bid us hail this happy day.

Lord William.

Let the vine's enliv'ning treasure,
Rising kiss the goblet's brim,
Till we see exulting pleasure,
On the smiling surface swim.

CHORUS.

High above dull sorrow's level,
Now the generous tide display;
'Tis gay Bacchus bids us revel,
Bids us hail this happy day

Cicely.

While the merry bells resounding,
Shall in pleasure's chorus chime,
From the trembling floor rebounding,
Let the varied dance beat time.

CHORUS.

High above dull sorrow's level,
Now the tide of joy display,
Love and Hymen bid us revel,
Bid us hail this happy day.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter De Courcy and Charles.

De Cour. You are sure that the soldiers are plac'd at every avenue to the castle?

Char. My lord, it is impossible Sir Palamede should escape.

De Cour. And you say you observ'd him this evening?

Char. I did, my lord, and notwithstanding he appeared to join the general festivity, yet at times he sigh'd so piteously, that I could not help saying to myself, your honour could never find in your heart to kill so brave a gentleman.

De Cour. Leave me, and be ready at the time appointed—and shall this slave boast a virtue to which I am a stranger—shall his rugged heart feel compassion for the wretched, whilst I unmoved, doom to destruction, him! who has been my companion!—my friend—my brother!

[*aside*].—Poor Palamede! I will see him, and converse with him—perhaps he is not so guilty as he appears—at least, let me remember that he is unfortunate. [*Exit.*]

Char. There spoke the generous feelings of De Courcy.

AIR—Charles.

Where'er true valour can its power display,
There meek-ey'd pity anxious still to bless,
With jealous honour holds divided sway,
And from avenging anger shields distress.
Ne'er shall the sword of honour dare invade
The spell-bound spot, where pity drops a tear ;
For where misfortune casts her sacred shade,
The deepest injury must disappear.

Enter De Courcy and Bazon.

Bar. O, my lord de Courcy, I am glad I have found you, I have strange news to tell you ;—only think, my lord, when I thought my vassals had retired, fatigued, and gone dutifully drunk to bed, the whole village is up, and scouring their old helmets and armour !—I am sure there is mischief in the wind, when these rascals are so industrious.

De Cour. Compose yourself, my lord, you seem quite alarm'd.

Bar. Alarm'd, my lord ! why, tho' I am naturally as brave as a lion, yet I do not like to be taken thus by surprise ; it is that which alarms me—and Sir Palamede I am sure is at the bottom of this.

De Cour. Perhaps then he has heard of my arrival, and finding himself discovered, means to oppose force by force.

Bar. You are right, my lord, he has been sending and receiving letters and messages all night, in a continual ebb and flow of mischief.

De Cour. Sdeath ! can he descend so low as to mislead the rabble into revolt—the traitor shall perish—but where is my sister ?

Bar. I don't know, my lord, but here comes my son, I dare say he'll tell you.

De Cour. Do not discover me yet, even to him.

Bar. Why, my lord, as he is shortly to be related to

your lordship, I can't see that it signifies—but it shall be as you please—hark'ee, sirrah! come here—where is Lady Elinor?

Enter Edward, half drunk.

Edw. In her own room—I took her a cup of wine just now—but the dear creature preferri'd ale; she seems prodigiously fond of ale.

De Cour. Who! Lady Elinor, sir?

Edw. Yes, sir, Lady Elinor, my wife that is to be; what have you to say to that, sir?

De Cour. Pardon me, sir;—but are you assured of the lady's affections?

Bar. Aye, sirrah, are you sure that she is fond of you?

Edw. Fond of me! ha, ha, ha! dam'me, look at me.

De Cour. I believe she was once attached to another, one Sir Palamede.

Edw. I believe not, friend, and my reason for thinking so, is that the dear little wench never saw Sir Palamede in all her life.

De Cour. Sir, when you name that lady, you should remember the respect due to her family.

Edw. [*Snaps his fingers*] That for her family—she is a bud of beauty, which I have gather'd to wear next my heart, and the devil may take the rest of the family-tree for me—here she comes, i faith.

Enter Adela.

Edw. Ah! my dear lady Elinor!

De Cour. Astonishment!—This must be some plot of Palamede's. [*Aside.*]

Bar. Why, my lord, your sister does not seem to know you—ah, this is another quality joke, now, I'll be sworn.

De Cour. He is deceived too! [*Aside.*]

Bar. Why, my lord, I think there's a very strong family likeness between you.

De Cour. I perceive, my lord, you are imposed on, but you shall soon be avenged. [*Exit.*]

Bar. How, imposed on! O, he means they have been joking on me—ay, but he was serious—egad, I believe I should be angry—but then if I should be in the wrong—

I'll e'en go after him, and ask whether I ought to be in a passion or not. — [Exit.]

Adela. Why, I say, Edward, the Lady Elinor's attendants did call me their lady for the joke's sake, yet it must soon be out that I am myself.

Edw. That's not unlikely.

Adela. And if Lady Elinor should be as handsome as we heard, and your father should be very pressing—

Edw. Then you think I should desert you—hah.

Adela. Your deserting me would then be called by another name, for fine folks have fine names for bad actions, to make them seem like good ones.

Edw. Why, look ye, my dear Adela, I was always a blundering fellow at a fine speech; 'ecod, I am like my father for that—but if I thought my being a nobleman would make me love you a jot the less, deuce take me if I had not rather remain a ploughman all my life.—Now do you believe me?

Adela. I do.

AIR—Adela.

Love from the heart, all its danger concealing,

Reason, they say, the fond spell can remove;

But bliss kindly stealing,

Still the delusion so sweet I may prove.

For should you betray me, your falsehood perceiving,

Too well do I love you, the peril to shun;

So if you must cheat me, still further deceiving;

Oh! blinded by hope, to the last lead me on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE—The sea at the back of the stage, and a light house—a part of the Tower is seen, the cellar door by the second wing—a little further a flight of stairs leading to a door—stage lights down.

Enter Lady Elinor solus.

Why did I not insist on Sir Palamede explaining this mystery? — [she retires up the stage]

Enter Lord William.

Welcome, thrice welcome, ye scenes which remind

me of happier days;—every step I take—every object of remembrance, warms me with new incitements to assert my birthright—(*Lady Elinor comes forward.*) How, Lady Elinor!

Lady E. O, Palamede! for heaven's sake, why this mystery?

L. Wil. Spare me the explanation of what is yet improper for you to know—shew my esteem by confiding in my honour—he who is beloved by you cannot act unworthily.

Lady E. I am uneasy only on your account—therefore do not flatter me, or keep me longer in suspense.

L. Wil. To-night is the crisis of my fate, and to-morrow's sun shall dispel the cloud of mystery in which it is involved.

DUET—Lord William and Lady Elinor.

Lady Elinor.

Dangers unknown impending,
Doubt multiplies my fears.

Lord William.

Laurels my steps attending,
Shall spring from beauty's tears.

Lady Elinor.

Thus in suspense to leave thee.

Lord William.

Think'st thou I can deceive thee!

Lady Elinor.

————— To leave thee.

Lord William.

————— To leave thee!

Both.

Say, wilt thou prove true?

Yes, I will still prove true,

And must we bid adieu? [*Exit Lady Elinor.*]

L. Wil. Cruel concealment! yet it must be so, one only have I trusted in this castle, and he is here.

Enter Hugo, sword on.

Hugo. Ah ! my dear young master, what pleasure does your servant feel, in seeing you once more in your native land ! Heaven help us, what strange events have happened since the good baron your father quitted England—I long to hear your adventures in France.

L. Wil. It is a long story, my friend.

Hugo. So much the better—I like long stories—I often tell long stories myself—remembrance forms the old man's banquet, and let the viands be ever so ordinary, memory cooks them to his liking.

L. Wil. Hugo, this is not time for words, I must support my claim to the honour of my ancestors, and this hour —

Hugo. What, my lord ?

L. Wil. Hear me ! I have written to an old and allied friend of my father's, a powerful nobleman, and near the king's person, he has assured me of my sovereign's favour, and I expect hourly letters from the king, acknowledging me Baron of Oakland.

Hugo. Well, my lord !

L. Wil. In the mean time my zealous friend has advised me to surprize the castle without delay, to man all resistance to the king's commands.

Hugo. Surprise the castle ! why, my lord, I'll fight as long as I can—[*draws his sword*]—but here are only two of us.

L. Wil. Good old man ; I shall not need your assistance, a guard of an hundred chosen troops sent by the good Lord Hubert, entered the village in the dusk of the evening ; the news of my return is received by the vassals with transport, and they are this moment arming in my cause.

Hugo. Then why do we stay here, I'll go and get on my armour.

L. Wil. It is not yet time—the tolling of the Curfew will give me notice when all is ready ; but tell me, Hugo, was not my father's armour kept in an apartment in that Tower ?

Hugo. Yes, my lord, in that very apartment over the wine cellar.

L. Wil. And has the armour ever been removed from thence ?

Hugo. Never ! I'll answer for that—the room has been shut up these ten years past to my knowledge ; I have still preserv'd my key to the door which leads to it thro' the long gallery.

L. Wil. Give it me, [*Hugo gives a key*] now let us be gone.

Hugo. Excuse me, my lord, I'll follow you to battle, but not into that apartment.

L. Wil. Why not ?

Hugo. Ah, my lord, I tremble at the thoughts of it, no living soul has enter'd that room for these ten years, voices have been heard, and lights seen—in short, it is haunted, and though I lov'd your worthy father when he was alive—I—I—I—

[*light is seen at a window in the tower.*]

L. Wil. By heavens, a light appears thro' the casement at this moment.

Hugo. And so there does, my dear master—don't be rash.

L. Wil. Hark ! I hear a noise from the Tower, wait for me here—[*draws*]—and beware your fears do not betray you. [*goes up the steps, unlocks the door, and exits.*]

Hugo. My lord—my dear lord William, don't leave me alone—he's gone !—oh, that cursed haunted chamber ! I can't stay near it—I—I—find the only means of preserving my courage, is to carry it along with me. [*Exit.*]

Enter Baron.

Why, sure, that was old Hugo, yes, and with his sword drawn—oh, he's in the plot !—O lord ! O lord ! there's the spirit playing his illumination tricks in the haunted chamber !—Oh, how I long to attack this old rogue Hugo, because I am sure I could beat him ;—aye, but then I dare not venture alone, valour with me is of a companionable nature, and don't like solitude.—My courage is something like the vine, to produce good fruit it must be well supported—hey, sure I hear somebody coming out of my wine-cellar ! Egad, I'll step aside, I may make some discoveries here

D .

[*Retires.*]

Enter Robert and Martin from the cellar door.

Rob. Well, my boy, now I have made you free of our cellar.

Mar. [*half drunk*] Give me your hand, give me your hand, master Robert, I'll live and die with you—of all inventions that ever were thought of, there's none to my mind like good eating and drinking.

Rob. And for that, Martin, I'll match all Kent; I know the privilege of a diligent butler too well to suffer my master to taste wine till I have approved of it.

Bar. [*aside*] Oh! the villain!

Mar. That's right, that's right, give me your hand again; O, Master Robert, what a happy dog you are to have the command of such a wine cellar.

Rob. Aye, Martin, there I sit, absolute monarch of all the prostrate bottles.

Bar. [*aside*] Mighty well—but I'll be even with you, rascals. [*Exit into the cellar.*]

Enter Servant.

Rob. Well, can you find friend Lewis in the garden?

Ser. No, master Robert.

Rob. He has certainly lost his way, let us go in search of him, Martin.

Mar. Aye, master Robert, do you go one way, and I'll go the other.

Rob. And to prevent accidents, I'll lock the cellar door for the present—we'll soon return and finish the evening. [*locks the door, and exit with servant—exit Martin.*]

SCENE—A Room in the Castle.

Enter Lady Elinor and Cicely.

Lady E. And so the mock Lady Elinor is coming, Cicely?—Yet how can I trifle thus? while Palamede's fate is in suspense?

AIR—Lady Elinor.

Dread parent of despair,
Thou tyrant of my mind,
Who ling'ring seem'st to spare,
To point the worst behind,

At once complete my woe,
Display the ills in store,
Ah ! quickly strike the blow,
'Tis all that I implore.

Cice. Ah, madam ! it must be a sad thing to be of a good family, thank heaven ! I who have no noble blood in my veins have the dearest of all privileges, that of chusing a husband for myself.

AIR—Cicely.

From high birth and all its fetters,
My kind stars my lot remove ;
I shall envy not my betters,
Give me but the youth I love.

Love's the riches of the poor,
A prize that wealth cannot procure ;
My rich mistress fain would be
Just as poor as Cicely.
From high birth, &c.

Enter Robert and Adela.

Adela. These waiting maids pester me to death with questions—here they are again.

Cice. [*aside to Lady Elinor*] Now, madam, to throw her off her guard, endeavour to provoke her, and gratify your curiosity.

Lady E. Why, I should like it, but she looks as if she could beat me ;—pray, madam, would your ladyship please to go to bed ?

Adela. No, my ladyship does not please to go to bed.

Rob. No, her ladyship does not please to go to bed.

Lady E. It is my duty to wait on your ladyship.

Adela. Well, wait in another room then.

Rob. Aye, wait in another room.

Lady E. Pray, my lady, forgive me.

Adela. No, I will not forgive you !—I can't bear it —[*aside*]—begone, I discharge you my service.

DUET—Lady Elinor and Adela.

Adela.

Begone ! I discharge you ! away from my sight !
In my presence appear never after this night.

Lady Elinor.

Your ladyship's orders with grief I obey ;
Yet ere I depart, a few words more I say.

Adela.

I'll try to keep my passion under,
And treat the flirt with silent scorn.

Lady Elinor.

You're too poor to move my rage.

Adela.

Prithee now this wrath assuage.

Lady Elinor.

How the saucy creature stares.

Adela.

Tell me, madam, why these airs ?

Both.

Tho' pride and folly should intrude,
They can't good breeding pain ;
Their silly jests, so bold and rude,
Raise laughter and disdain.

Of rank and education
What wretched imitation ;
Contempt must sure befall you,
You vain—what shall I call you ?
Tho' at scolding so alert,
I fancy now she's really durt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Chamber in the Tower, folding doors in the back scene, an arch leading to another apartment, thro' which enter Lord William.*

L. Wil. Now, to the object of my search.—[*opens the door, and discovers his father's armour, brings forward the sword and shield*]—Kind fortune, I thank thee !—sacred to the defence of a just cause, the shield of the father shall protect his son, fighting for the rights of an illustrious family.

AIR—Lord William.

Spirit of my sainted sire,
With success my soul inspire,

Deeds of glory done by thee,
 In mem'ry's mirror now I see.
 Let great examples raise
 Valour's purest, brightest blaze,
 Till the prowess of my arm
 The eye of fickle conquest charm,
 And fame shall, when the battle's won,
 Declare that I am all thy son.

Spirit of my sainted sire,
 With success my soul inspire ;
 The inspiration now I feel,
 The ardent glow of patriot zeal ;
 Brighter prospects now arise,
 The voice of conquest rends the skies.
[Exit, and shuts the folding doors after him.]

Rob. Well, Lewis, since we have met with you at last, I'll give you a specimen of English hospitality, we have plenty of liquor in the cellar underneath, and egad, we'll make a night of it.

Lew. That's right, master Robert, and I love good eating and drinking, so I'll drink with you, if it's only to shew you I like your company.

Mar. But you hav'n't told me yet about this Haunted Tower.

Lew. Well, I declare I am glad of it for your sake, for I am sure you must be dry after telling such a long story

Rob. Come, my boys, lend me a hand. *[They bring in a table with wine and ale, and three-leg'd stools. Robert sits at the head of the table, Martin and Lewis on each side.]*

Lew. What have we got here ?

Rob. Some of the best wine in Christendom, my lad ; aye, and some of the best ale too, which to me is the best of all liquors—the scurvy old knave, my master, who I dare say is a-bed and asleep, little thinks the honour we are doing to his cellar.

Lew. and Mar. Ha, ha, ha !

Rob. Now for't, my boys, here's to ye !

CATCH—Robert, &c. &c.

As now we're met, a jolly set,
 A fig for sack or sherry ;
 Our ale we'll drink,
 And our cans we'll elink,
 And we'll be wond'rous merry.

Merry, my hearts—merry, my boys,
 We'll sing with a hey down derry,
 The baron himself knows no such joys,
 We are so wond'rous merry.

Rob. Come, drink about. [*sings*] "And we'll be wond'rous merry."

L. Wil. [*Behind, imitates Robert*] "And we'll be wond'rous merry."

Rob. Hey day ! what's that ?

Lew. That, oh, that's an echo, I suppose.

Rob. An echo ! I never observ'd one here, I——

Mar. O master Robert ! isn't that the chamber you said was haunted ?

Lew. Egad, then, it's haunted by a jolly spirit——so here's to the ghost—[*sings*]—"And we'll be wond'rous merry."

L. Will.—[*Behind, in Lewis's voice*] "And we'll be wond'rous merry." (*a noise underneath the stage.*)

Rob. What think ye now ?

Lew. Why, I think there's a damn'd noise in the cellar. (*The trap door that Robert had pointed to is thrown open and knocks down the table, which they had placed on it, and the Baron appears coming thro' it.*)

Bar. Gentlemen, your most obedient, pray don't let me disturb you, pray go on, my butler here, sets you a good example ; so pray make free with my property,——upon my life this is a very pretty chamber to be haunted ; the ghost has an excellent choice, but I never knew that your troubled spirits were such consumers of ale and wine before. (*a knocking at the door.*) Pray who is that ? is it any friend of your's, gentlemen ?

Mar. Yes, please your worshipful honour, it is only Hubert with the supper,

Bar. O! Hubert with the supper, is it? desire him to walk in [*the Baron opens the Door. Enter Hubert with some beef and bread.*] Come in, Hubert, here are none but friends, O never mind me, come put the supper on the table. [*Hubert puts it on the table*] And now, gentlemen, sit down and eat heartily.

Lew. I am much oblig'd to your honour, but I am not hungry now.

Rob. If but your honour wou'd but hear me.

Bar. O! with a great deal of pleasure, honest Robert, I was but ill situated in the cellar to hear that catch you sung just now; rogues! rascals! robbers! whose only sign of fear is, you can't bear your own consciences, so you are afraid of spirits; where's the echo, you conjur'd up just now?

Rob. Indeed! my lord, we heard an echo.

Bar. Did you? well, sing again then, and let me hear it, I'll shew you a pattern of resolution, you rapscale-ions.

Rob. Now mark my lord, (*sings*) "And we'll be wondrous merry."

L. Wil. [*Behind in Robert's voice*] "And we'll be wondrous merry."

Bar. [*Alarm'd*] Egad, but it's an odd sort of an echo.

Lew. Suppose your honour was to speak to it, perhaps it wou'd answer you civilly.

Bar. O! I dare say 'twill have a proper respect for my dignity.—what are you, ghost or spirit?

L. Wil. (*In Baron's voice.*) "Ghost or spirit."

Bar. (*Very much frighten'd*) O lord! O lord! why!—why—don't some of you speak to me? what—what,—are you afraid of?—Robert, what makes you look so pale?—for my part—I!—I!—I don't believe in apparitions, do you friend? (*to Lewis.*)

Hugo. (*Behind*) Lord William, my dear master Lord William!

Rob. Hark my lord! there's a voice.

Bar. Oh! I am a lost man,—but—why,—do you tre-m-b-le so! (*a bell tolls*) O lord! there's the Curfew going at this hour.

A Trumpet is heard at a distance, Lord William throws open the doors and walks with great solemnity in his father's armour, and exit. The trumpet is heard till he

is quite off. The Baron &c. retire very much frighten'd.

Bar. O, dear me, it is the old Baron's ghost! I have seen him wear that shield and helmet a thousand times.

Lew. (*During this speech of the Baron's, creeps round, as looking after Lord William.*) O! my lord, here's more miracles! the spirit has met some armed men, and they are all fighting—that's right,—that's right;—well done my boys—damme they have kill'd the ghost, huzza.

All. Huzza,———huzza!

Bar. Egad, that's rare news, come let's go and see what it's all about, I'll lead the way, do you follow me,—hey—no Robert, you shall go first;—no,—no,—stop, come back—we'll all go together, and then we can take care of one another—(*drums and trumpets heard.*)

(*They exeunt very much alarm'd*).

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Castle, drums and trumpets without.*

Enter Edward and Adela, Edward with a sword and shield.

Adela. O Edward! I am frighten'd to death! it was an unlucky day for us when I turn'd fine lady, and nothing but unlucky days have we had ever since.

Edw. Lucky or unlucky,——I fancy there's an end of 'em now; bad as the days were, I wish they were to come over again.

Enter Baron, (with his sword drawn, and some old armour awkwardly put on.)

Bar. O dear! O dear! they are all at it.

Edw. What! what are they at?

Bar. Why, fighting. O my Lady Elinor! why don't you order your soldiers to fall on?—O how I hate a man that won't fight.

Adela. What, is any body kill'd, my lord.

Bar. Kill'd, why we shall all be kill'd, men, women, and children.

Enter Lady Elinor finely dress'd.

L. Eli. For shame my lord! why do you stand idle

here? your soldiers call on you to head 'em,—where's my brother!

Bar. Your brother, why what signifies your brother, why they are thirty thousand strong.

Lady E. I mean the Lord de Courcy. (Exit.

Bar. The Lord de Courcy,—why an't you—

Adela. O, no indeed my lord, I am not,—I am quite sick of passing for a fine lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord, you must come immediately, they are forcing the castle gates. (Exit.

Bar. Forcing the castle gates! O Lord I shall die of a fright! and never live to be kill'd.

[Exit Baron, Edward and Adela.]

SCENE—Changes to the Hall, after alarms of drums and trumpets.

Enter Edward and Adela.

Edw. They have gain'd the Citadel, and we shall be put to the sword.

Enter De Courcy, Lord William and Knights.

De Cour. Once more my noble friend, I congratulate you on your success.

Enter Lady Elinor, Cicely and Charles.

Lady E. My brother!

De Cour. My father contracted you in marriage with the young Baron of Oakland;—I present him to you, I deem'd him my enemy till I knew him, it is now my pride to call him my friend.

L. Wil. This is a more valuable present my lord, than the life you gave me, when overpowered by your soldiers in the garden, you still thought me your enemy.

Enter the Baron between two armed Men.

Bar. O dear! spare my life, and I'll agree to any terms.

Adela. [To Lord William.] Then Sir, begging your pardon for my boldness, I suppose you are the ghost we heard of?

Bar. Yes, and you I suppose are the sham Lady Elinor, we have heard of; egad, now I find how things are, I have reason to be in a passion.

L. Wil. You Sir, [*to Baron*] have a right to an explanation, I scorn to owe my title to force; I am confirmed by my sovereign in the dignity and estates of my father:—be assured however, that I shall be ambitious to prove myself your friend.

Bar. And that's an ambition I shall be very glad to gratify you in.

L. Wil. [*to Edward and Adela*] As for this young couple, I hope I shall have the satisfaction of adding their store of Hymen's comforts.

Edw. I—Thank you my lord,—I begin to be much less inclined to Nobility after the bustle I have seen to-night, and I'm fain to comfort myself with the old remark,—“that a title cannot bestow happiness.”

Adela. Yes, but I can though; there is a title for which I'd give up to all others, it is the wife of my Edward.

L. Eli. My fluttering heart cannot express the joy it feels at your triumph. [*to Lord William.*]

L. Wil. A triumph crowned by the possession of that heart which now approves it.

FINALE

The banish'd ills of here to fore
At happy distance viewing;
Of the past we'll think no more,
While future bliss pursuing.

When engaged in Pleasure's chace,
Never look behind you;
Back if you shou'd turn your face,
Misfortune's dust may blind you.

Lord William, and Lady Elinor.

Here let the titled wedded pair,
A lesson take from humble life;
Nor in the lady and the lord,
Forget the husband and the wife.

Ne'er shall th' example us reprove,
Whose proudest boast shall be our love.

S E S T E T T O.

The present hour is ever ready,
To assume a smiling face ;
If to wisdom's counsels steady,
Pleasure's precepts you embrace.

Edward.

Tho' no more I am a lord,
Give my love but his reward,
Rank and title I forego.

Adela.

No, my Edward, say not so.

C H O R U S.

The banish'd illis, &c.

F I N I S.



